

CROSS COUNTRY

I adore watching cross country running races in England in winter: all those rather ugly, wiry types dashing through huge freezing puddles, over slippery grit hills, and across large muddy fields. It reminds me of the First World War and changing diapers. But the air is refreshing!

And it's great when contestants collapse from exhaustion in the filth. What must their mothers, wives and children think? And all to finish, say, twentieth among a thousand or so contestants over a ten mile course, risking getting permanently lost in the woods too. I never want a man like that.

When I finally rebel against cross country events I'll find a rather handsome, fat man on a trampoline or something in a sterilized gym so we can have a testtube baby.

LIBRARY BOOKS

I stay in my apartment a lot because I am trying to finish the books I borrowed from the library. I'm worried because they are overdue and I'm scared the librarians are out looking for me. So I keep studying the words but I have this compulsion, as Dr. Smith says, to have my eyes go the wrong way and my hands turn the pages backwards, and so far the stories make no sense at all. This may be modern and avant garde but because of it I'm in a lot of trouble and may have to leave by motorcycle, wearing my lucky helmet. And I just hope God lets me do this if necessary and that I don't have the compulsion to drive it backwards because motorcycles don't have a reverse gear.

DRINK

The first time I got drunk was Christmas Day when I was 13. I poured myself a glass of the red wine and found it so tasty I'd gulped down half the bottle before I could stop myself. So I refilled it with water and felt so wonderful I went to the bathroom and washed my hair for the first time in two weeks.

This became the pattern: clean hair, good booze (which quickly became daddy's whisky and

mummy's gin) and water bottles for them. At first mummy & daddy said it looked and tasted different -- maybe there was a new distilling process or maybe it was the aftermath of Christmas and too much brandy-soaked pudding. But they never suspected me, because they figured I'd turned over a new leaf: I was now cleaning my fingernails, washing my face, washing my clothes and even putting polish on my shoes.

So mummy & daddy have continued drinking water, getting just as drunk but feeling much happier and less worried about appearances, and I am becoming more like their old selves every day.

RIVER BED

I ride my bike to the L.A. River bed each week to pan for mud. I love mud but I don't want too much because then I'd just worry. If I find say a thousand dollars worth of mud a month I'm content and can buy some clothes and save for a car and a vacation.

Of course, you have to purify and dry the mud and trim it before it's ready for the market, and the best way to do this, I've found, is to keep it under the floorboards for ten days, then test it by licking a little like a lollipop, then rubbing my face with it. And if my face and tongue don't break out soon it's pure, so I put it in my backpack, get on my bike, and luxuriously ride it down to the mudsmith, who is a very dirty man.

BREAKAGE

My foot has recovered from being broken and ruining mummy & daddy's Easter vacation, and mummy & daddy have untied me -- so long as I'm careful never to break anything again, and with the certain promise they'll hang me by the toes for six months if I so much as fracture a fingernail.

I take this all very seriously, each morning awakening to check my whole interior for damage, humming benign tunes so my knee say won't suddenly shatter as I gingerly get out of bed. Then I dress with great deliberateness, hold on to the padded walls, hobble down the padded stairs and chew my padded breakfast thoroughly before swallowing -- because mummy & daddy would probably kill me if I choked, especially as the summer vacation is getting so near.